* DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY*

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Wounds Are Healed Without Leaving Scars

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

HE secret wound long lives within the breast, but the open wound in these days of disinfection, sterilized bandages, harmless antiseptics, and lockjaw antitoxin is not worth shucks. If-and here is the roux of the matter-you do not treat it with home

Whenever you have a friend in whom blood poisoning developed from a wound, inquiry is apt to disclose the act that his grandmother, aunt or kind friend advised the application of "a certain sure cure."

Mr. Willie Preston ran a nail in his foot. His mother fid not know what to do. A neighbor, who had "raised leven children," said: "Put some bacon fat on it." Ten days later Willie Preston died of lockjaw. Yet that same neighbor still advises bacon fat for wounds and has, DR. HIRSHBERG to my knowledge, caused half a dozen other infections.

A scar nobly got was considered, until lately, a livery of honor. But more. Wounds heal so beautifully nowadays that, like Katashaw's white shoulder, some persons go miles and miles and miles to see them. hot carbolated vaseline and other disin-fectants should be used at once. Even upon the merest skin abrasion.

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Answers to Health

Questions

Edna-What will turn gray hair dark?

F. S.-What will remove freckles from

Scars Out of Fashion. Indeed, it is an established rule among he student guilds and fraternities of Germany, in their duels with swords, to keep the wounds from healing by pulling the edges apart every day.

Wounds of the heart, when not of the matory sort are now stitched together by most surgeons with triumphant reults. Surgeons, since Dr. Alexis Carel's discoveries, think, nothing at all of
utting into the chest eavity and bringing the wound into a strong, normal

Get your druggist to make you henna tea and reng. It is harmless. The battling days when men were asked with honorable scars are past. Today, Mameluke and the Hessians merge from the emergency hospitals in the pink of condition. The wounds show Freckles are a sign of health and vigor. Any lotion may peel the skin off and not remove the freckles. Calcium sulphide, 2 grains; zinc oxide, 5 grains, to 2½ ounces each of cocoa butter and castor oil, with a few drops of rose oil, applied at night, may peel them.

the pink of condition. The woulds show ther a bare hairline, or, by means of kin grafts, nothing.

Even gunshot wounds and rusty nail punctures, which formerly yielded a arge return to the grim tyrant of lock-law, have no terrors any longer-if domestic panaceas are not brought into containing the containi

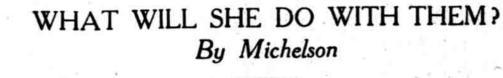
"Blood poisoning" is merely the ex-tension and spread of bacterial matter in an infected wound, throughout the arm, leg and body from the point in-tired Yeeling? In other words, blood poisoning is an infection just the same as typhoid or pneumonia. Wounds treated by amateurs or carlessely left alone, "because the blood is in good condition," are the ones which lead to the invasion into the cases of what is known as "blood resistance," a special point of the blackheads; Rub in well at night sulphur and glycerine, with rose oil.

2. A shaving powder, made in the South, will remove superfluous hair. It is rubbed on the skin for one minute polarning."

poisoning."

A failacy, widely prevalent among weepers and workers, and horney-handed sons of tell, is to the effect that "the blood is fine," and "heals all scratches and sores." While it is correct to expect the healthful flesh to prevent germs developing at times in wounds, it is frequently the false sense of security which many persons foolishly have that starts the scratch of a pin into a malicious, human conflagaration.

A pin prick, a splinter, a tiny tear in the skin should each receive as vigorous an antiseptic as a large, jagged wound. Peroxide of hydrogen—clean and strong, not the dirty and weak mixture usually found—boracic acid, chlorate of potash,





TIMES BEDTIME STORY

MRS. HICKS CLEANS HOUSE.

By FLORENCE E. YODER. RS. HICKS leaned on her broom and sighed. Mrs. Hicks -was always sighing and she was almost always leaning on her broom. She was the saddest looking lady dog in all Tabbyland, and whenever she did smile it looked as if it hurt her. But she couldn't help it, you see: she was just that kind of an animal person. She was cleaning house, for it was Friday, and the day for sweeping and cleaning in Tabbyland. Everywhere people were shaking out rugs and dusting and scrubbing. "I wonder if I shall ever find my new waist?" she said to herself. She had looked and looked, and was just about to give up. Now Toby, her

puppy boy, was the most absentminded person in Tabbyiand, and he had forgotten where he had put it. He had gone to town, had brought it home, and from that moment he had forgotten all about it. Poor Mrs. Ricks wanted to go to the sewing society that met that afternoon at the home of Mrs. Tabby, but without the waist she could not go. She did not have very many clothes. for the Hicks family was very poor. and the clothes had cost many hardearned pennies. "I wonder if whipping Toby ever

does any good?" she continued as she went about sweeping and dust-

"It does not seem to. And here he has gone away this afternoon, and I have no one to help me.

She went slowly about her work. She was sadder than ever, and once in a while a great big tear would roll out of her eye. Then she would wipe it away on the corner of her apron and start again.

Suddenly she heard a little voice in the doorway.

"Hello, Mrs. Hicks; where's Toby?" sang out Tommy Tabby. Now, if there was one person in

Tabbyland who could make Mrs. Hicks look cheerful it was Tommy. There was something about his broad grin, and his funny little black nose, and his sparyling eyes that did Mrs. Hicks good.

She stopped at once and smilled. "I don't know Tom; he's run away and left me today. And I did so want to go to the meeting at your Tommy looked at her

thoughtfully.
"Well, I call that a mean trick,"
he said. "What is the trouble; can't
you get through in time?"
"No, I don't think I can," said Mrs. Hicks as she wiped away a tear, and I can't find my new waist."
"So Toby lost that, too?" laughed

Tom. "He surely is a no account puppy boy." He rubbed his feet together and wiggled his hands in his pockets, "but look here, Mrs. Hicks, let me help. I'm fine at finding things."

things."
Mrs. Hicks laughed again. Mrs. Hicks laughed again. "Oh, you don't know how to work," she replied. But Tommy said he was sure that he did, and without any more talk he went in the Toby's



ed, and then began to pake in Toby's ed, and then began to peac in 1005 to box of toys. He was supposed to be a bad kitty boy, not he always helped when he was expected to, and was very sweet and kind. He purred

was very sweet and kind. He purred and sang and made such an agree-able noise that he cheered Mrs. Hicks, and before very long, the house was clean.

"Come now," said Mrs. Hicks when the last piece of furniture was in place, "I want to give you a cool glass of fresh milk."

"Be there in a minute" replied. "Be there in a minute," replied Tommy without looking up from the old box filled with odds and ends. Mrs. Hicks went down, and just as she disappeared Tommy gave a squeal of delight. He pushed the box back, put some-thing under his arm, and rushed

noisily downstairs.

Mrs. Hicks gave him the big glass of milk, and he hid the bundle under the chair. Just before went he took it out and laid it

he went he took it out and laid it before her.

"Take" a look at this," he said, and skipped out of the door without even waiting to be thanked. Mrs. Hicks coughed and chcked—opened the package, and there was the waist! And it was not too late to get to the meeting after all.

"Eless that naughty Tommy," she laughed; "with all his badness he has more sense than my

hoy."
At the meeting she told the story to Mrs. Tabby in a whisper.
"So that's where the rascal was all morning." Mrs. Hicks laughed and nodded her head.
"Well," said Mrs. Tabby, "he was due a spanking when he flew out of the house this morning, for dressing up in my best clothes, but I will have to forgive him."
Tommy stayed away all afternoon, but when evening came and he went home. to his surprise, he only got a wee scolding and no whipping at all. But he never

The Glory of the Tin Can

OST people would say, if asked, that winter was the season when the can was alone in all it glory. and that in summer canned foods had little place. But I think this is untrue when we consider the great number of kinds of canned delicacies which we used almost exclusively in summer. Summer time is picnic time-the time of jaunts and "hikes" and trips little and big by motor, canoe, and trolley. And in the packing of lunch boxes and bas-kets for all outings, the tin can plays

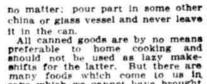
a great part.
First, there are all the kinds of sardines, potted meats, and various kinds of "boned" chicken and other

sardines, potted meaus, and other kinds of "boned" chicken and other foods. Then there is the big group of relishes, olives, pimentos, anchovies, caviar, and other pastes which come in tubes or cans. Besides, there are numbers of canned salmon, crab, shrimps, atc., which are used which are used shrimps, etc., which are used almost entirely in the summer. especially by sports men and others away from the base of supplies.

men and others away from the base of supplies. Even two of the simplest food products formerly always made at home-spaghetti and lentils—are now offered in can form, as younger brothers to that elder canned product of universal consumption, baked beans.

And so because the housewife does and should use a number of the canned products in summer, a few words on the care of the can may not be amiss. It is best to open all ranned products at least an hour before using and let them stand in fresh air to reoxygenate them and remove all taste of the can that they may have absorbed. Fish and similar canned foods should be put on ice at once after being removed from can, and it is, indeed, better to subject contents of all opened cans to a low temperature immediately after opening. Do not use the particles of food which adhere to the edges and sides of the can in an effort to be economical. Many of the best products of certain kinds are now packed in paraffine paper so that the entire contents can be lifted out with ease. It seems hardly necessary to give the same old warning so often extended, to remove the contents instantly from the can when opened. Many cases of so-called ptomaine poisoning have resulted not because the care of contents, once they were removed.

was not satisfactory. If you do not wish to use all the contents at once.



cans which we cannot have brought in any other way, and it is by judi-cious use of such relishes and foods that we can make our summer housekeeping easier and more va-ried. Only we must do our duty by the canned product, buy only repu-table brands, and intelligently handle the contents once they are in (Copyright, 1914, Mrs. Christine Fred-erick.)



Safer. "I hope to make my debut in ope-"Why don't you let them judge you voice by phonograph first?

Club Women to Stage Many New Experiments

Did you know that Washington is to be the scene of novel activities among club women during the coming year?

Many striking experiments are to be staged here next winter, and plans for these, as well as for a "get together" campaign, will be described in tomorrow's

This article is to be followed by one of the most interesting and comprehensive series for women ever published in a Washington newspaper. Every woman's club in the District, and every

club in which women are active, will be touched in "Washington's club women are Washington's home makers," declares the subject of tomorrow's

interview. Therefore you cannot afford to miss any one of this series which shows the far-reaching efforts planned through clubs for better homes, better communities, and a better home city.

How Easy It Is for the Man &

By WINIFRED BLACK

HE killed herself three months ago-the pretty little woman I've known ever since I went to her wedding, when she was twenty as a pink and just as good as gold. She was a good deal worried about the wedding-she was very much in love with the man she was going to marry, and the man she was going to marry was very much in love with her. And there was a secret in her life—such a poor, pitiful, forlorn, tragic

years old, and even then she was trying to forget the secret. She was the favorite pupil in the high school in her little village circle and she thought the principal of the school was the sreatest man who ever lived. He was so wise and so kind and so patient.

And then one dreadful day she suddenly awoke out

And then one dreadful day she suddenly awoke out of a foolish, wicked little dream, and found herself in dreadful disgrace.

And the mother who bore her, who was too busy being president of the Ladies' Aid Society and secretary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions and alto in the choir and leader of the Boys' Club, to watch over her with simple-hearted, loving, trustful little girl—turned her out into the street.

Her Wages of Sin.

The school principal gave her just money enough to get away to the nearest big city, on condition that she would keep his secret as well as her own. She came to the city—alone, in terrible pain, friendless—with just money enough to get a carriage and drive to a newspaper office where she had read of the name of a woman whom she 'thought might help her.

And then mether at once things were different.

The men was cross and disagrecable: his wife thought at first that he was worried about business—for he had begun by this time to have quite a large business of his own which she had helped him to get. Then she thought he was ill and she cooked special little dishes for him and rang him up at his store and made him go out for such that wouldn't make him better.

But he grew worse and worse—moody, irritable, cold—until his wife was so worried about him she hardly knew what to do. Then one night after a revival meeting at the church to which the two belonged the husband told his wife what was the matter with him. He was worried about her, he said.

He couldn't bear to go to church, he said out of the bouse and went and drowned herself. That was three months ago.

His Happy Lot. whom she thought might help her.



thought she ought not to marry told me that she had tried to tell and faithful and she loved him. She knew she could help him so much in his work and look after his health, for he was not very strong, and help him take care of his mother, who was an invalid.

And so they were married-and for fifteen years that woman was a faith-

She fairly made a new man of the kindly, easy-going fellow she had married. She had three children—two girls and a little boy—and they had a pretty home and they were all very happy.

She was fifteen years old when this happened, and her hair was down in curis around her pale, cerrified little face, and her dress did not come quite down to her shoe tops. But she found friends at the newspaper office and they took her to shelter and protection; and when she was able to be about again they found ner work where she could keep her little boy with her—yes, she had a little boy, and she was nothing but a child herself. She worked, oh, so faithfully, to take care of him, but he died, poor little chap, and some people said they thought it was a good thing that he did.

But when she was a good thing that he did.

But when she was a good thing that he did.

But when she was twenty—oh, so old and so experienced and so lonely—one of the clerks in the office wanted her to marry him. And she said, "No." But the clerk in the office would not take no for an answer—he begged.

Testerday I went past the little church where the man and woman used to go and the door was open and I steepped in to see what was going on.

And it was a wedding, and the bride was a young girl nineteen or twenty. Where had I seen her before? Oh, yes, I had sat behind her and the man at the theater some six months ago and the man at the theater some six months ago and the man took great pains to tell me that he had just dropped in by accident and happened to find one of his Sunday school class in the office would not take no for an answer—he begged.

—one Surday, way last fall?

in the office would not take no for an answer—he begged saw walking with the man out on a lonely country road and begged.

He told the little girl that he could not live without her, that if she did not marry him he didn't care what became of him—and the little girl cried and was very much distressed. And so the man in the office asked her again.

She told him that she did love him—she loved him truly, deeply, as she had never loved before and would never love again—but that she could not marry any one. And the man of the office laughed and said that he would marry her, even if she was a convicted murderess.

The little girl cried and laughed—both together—and then she came and we talked it over together—she and the man would want them to know.

Dear Annie Laurie:

A boy friend of mine took me to a party the other night. I danced the first dance with him, but then a boy came up to me and took me in to supper and kept me by his

in to supper and kept me by his side all evening.

The boy I came up with was very angry that I did not go in to supper with him, and will hardly speak to me, and then only very coldly. What should I do? I am 16 years of age. Should I invite a boy into the house when he takes me home from any sort of affair?

GEORGIANA D.

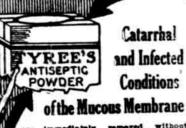
GEORGIANA D.

ELL, Georgiana, I don't blame
the boy who took party at all. If I were he I would never take you or any

girl like you to a party again. Why should he ask you to go with him, and then have you insult him openly before every one at the party? That's windly out in the open, get their wings wet with melting ice, and, were very rade and very lill-bred and very unkind and very thoughtless. If you want to be friends with that boy you'll have to apologize to him—that's all—and then, maybe, he won't could that those swift wings again. Stretched in a long line, with my host care to make up with you.

Stretched in a long line, with my host No. I wouldn't invite a boy into the and myself in the middle, we went thun-

r how determined the other boy may



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Advice To Girls Three Minute Journey Where Birds Are Hunted on Horseback

By TEMPLE MANNING N the ice-bound plains of Roumania I once took part in a

birds on horseback. Until I spent a few days in that interesting land of recent wars I had never known that birds were ever hunted with a horse, for the chasing of ostriches on horseback we used to read about in our school books is but the result of the overactive imaginations of their authors. In Roumania it is the bustard, or wild turkey that is hunted. I was very lucky to be in the interior one night when a heavy thaw had melted the snows and a biting frost the next morning had set the ice again For it is only at that time that the bustards, lying out in the open, get

when it freezes again, their feathers Stretched in a long line, with my host house when you've come home from dering over the frozen snow, driving a evening affairs. Nice girls do not spend much time alone with a boy when every one else in the house is whips or with long sticks, and as one whips or with long sticks, and as one would come within striking distance of next time yo ugo to a party with a bird he would strike out. Someboy remember that you owe him at the boy remember that you owe him at the strike out of the ground to secure it before it let any other boy take you away could get up and away. But often from him, no matter how fascinating both driver and pony would fall with or how determined the other how may the bird and the bird would be off could get up and away. But often both driver and pony would fall with the bird and the bird would be off again before the rider could get to his

Lonesome—Perhaps your people are right in this case. I don't believe I'd make any advances, though, of course, if the boy comes to you you should "make up" with him. And don't, little girl, get in the habit of quarreling over little things. It doesn't pay.

Anxious—Of course, I would not advise you to let a young man treat you lightly, take you places and run of and leave you, or anything like that. But don't imagine slights, don't think people are always trying to insult you. Think things over quietly. If, on the other hand, you think you might have been mistaken, own your fault and make up with him.

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Again feet.

It reminded me of nothing so much as polo. Imagine that great game played with living bails.

Crack! Crack! The whips rang out like pistol shots on the frosty air. The birds dodged in and out, until I realized the skill demanded. Every one had a couple of birds each before I got one. At last I stunned a bird. Scramling down from my pony I set upon it before it could rise. I was met by claws and a beak that drove me off for an instant but, at last I, killed my bird.

By this time all the birds had been collected along the route, and tied by the legs, suspended before the peasants on thir ponies' shoulders, and we worked back to my hosts' mansion, tired but happy.

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It is Just Natural To Admire Babies



Our altruistic nature impels love for the cooing infant. And at the same time the subject of motherhood is ever before us. To know what to do that will add to the physical comfort of expectant most of expectant most of expectant most of expectant most of the physical comfort of expectant most of exp

recommend it to their own daughters that it certainly must be what its name indicates. They have used it for its direct influence upon the muscles, cords, ligaments and tendons as it aims to afford relief from the strain and pain so often unnecessarily severe during the period of expectancy.

A little book mailed by Bradfield Regulator Company, 306 Lamar Bidg., Atlanta, Ga, refers to many things that women like to read about. It refers not only to the relief from muscle strain due to their expansion, but also to nausea, morning sickness, caking of breasts and



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